Song of a Lily.

Her fine array was wrought in looms of air,
And woven by the shuttles of the sun,
In noiseless warp and woof of tissue fair,
And kindly juices from the warm earth won;
And all of wandering odors that were sweet
Were caught within her silken web of light;
And perfumed rains that wept around her feet
Their fragrance yielded in the summer night.

The lily toiled not, spun not, yet she grew
In loveliness supreme, from day to day;
A hand Divine imparted every hue,
And clothed her in her beautiful array.
The boon of dews, and rain, and as a kiss;
Her white and suppliant petals, clasped in prayer,
Gave silent thanks amid created bliss.

O! if such issues, spring from gifts of thine,
If such unfoldings on thy bounty wait,
The ambient airs which nurse the life divine
My soul shall steep, my spirit satiate.
It shall be mine with suppliant hand to claim
The utmost boon thy treasuries may hold;
Why should the lily's bloom my spirit shame,
When Earth is rich and Heaven is raining gold?

—Clara Thwaites.

A LOVE TIFF.

They had a love-quarrel. Ethan Nash and Tilly Fogg had been the most earnest of lovers, especially Tilly. Ethan did not betray half the warmth about it that she did, because it never was in him; but if ever man wanted more devotion, and affection, and all that sort of thing than Tilly Fogg generously lavished on Ethan Nash, he must have been an unnatural and exacting fellow.

For some days they had been very careful not to speak to one another. No two people ever tried so hard to be entirely indifferent each to the other.

At last it got to be so bad that Ethan had stayed away from Tilly for two or three weeks. How he managed to do it was a mystery, and always will be; it can be explained only on principles of contraries, and sulks, and oddities.

It was getting to be rather unpleasant, considered in all points of view. There was poor Tilly almost dying from the treatment, though she never would have entered a complaint of any sort in the ear of any living soul; her eye was beginning to lose a little of its usual brightness—I could see it plainly enough—and the red roses on her cheeks were fading rather fast.

There happened to be anothes young miss in the village, who had been teaching the district school during the summer, and had finally concluded that it would be the pleasantest thing she could do to stay through the winter, too, and visit around. Just at this particular time she was staying at Squire Judkin's house. Her name was Lucy Doane.

Lucy Doane was just the smartest girl, in her own estimation, I think I ever knew. Having been selected to instruct the younger portion of the children the past summer in needlework and a-b, ab, and being considered competent to keep the smallest ones from rolling off the benches, while asleep, upon the floor, she somehow reasoned herself into the complacent idea that there was no lady in the place who could beat her in conversation, correct grammar, or, indeed, any of the accomplishments that were going.

She wore glasses with silver bows, mitts on her hands, and always kept her work-bag on her left arm. A perfect picture of a "school-marm" in all the person's parts and qualities.

At this particular time there was a deep fall of snow on the ground, and the sleighing was glorious. Bells and belles made the old country roads merry, far and near. There were parties without number to the neighboring towns, making up merry dances in every old tavern-hall, where the screech of the fiddle had ever resounded.

Well, to make the story as short as possible, Ethan received a very neatly written note one afternoon from Lucy Doane, written in her characteristic style of precision and firmness, all correctly phrased and spelled, saying that she would be very happy to accept his polite invitation to go to the next ball over at Upfield, and would hold herself in readiness accordingly.

"What's all this!" exclaimed Ethan when he had fairly read the note through.

He was puzzled and confounded.

"I never invited Lucy Doane to go to the Upfield ball in my life! Why, what does she mean? I'm sure I don't know how to proceed in such a case!"

Which was all perfectly true. Ethan Nash was in a regular quandary.

So he came right over to consult with me about it. Why he selected me out of all the rest of his numerous acquaintances in the village, I never knew, and probably never shall, but he came and laid the matter plainly before me, and says he:

"Now, John, I want your advice."

"You shall have it, with all my heart," says I.

"I'm in a regular fix," said he. "You see, the way of it is this: Here I've got a letter from Lucy Doane," producing it from his pocket, and holding it out at arm's-length, "and she says in that letter that she is very happy to accept my kind invitation to go to the sleighing party up to Upfield, when the fact is I never asked her to go with me in my life."

I could not help smiling.

"Rather awkward," I suggested.

"Isn't it? Now I wish you would tell me what I'd better do about it."

"Do?"

"Yes, what would you do? You see, I must do something."

"Oh, certainly; that letter must be answered somehow."

"Then what would you say to it. How would you try to get out of it, John"

"I'd up and thank her for accepting," said I, "and then I'd secure a nice sleigh against the time came around and carry her."

"You would! The Old Harry must be in you!"

"On the contrary, I assure you it's just the best thing you can possibly do. Just take my advice for once and see what will come of it."

He hung down his head, put the note in his pocket, and suffered himself to think of it.

There was no chance of escape. He saw for himself, thanks to his native common-sense, that the best way to silence that battery was to walk straight up to it.

Which he did, and sent back his message of thanks to Lucy for deigning to comply with his request.

The afternoon of the sleigh-ride was cold and biting as you would care to read about. Even at noon the sun had not set a single icicle to running at the eaves, and the snow in the road-track was as smooth and polished as marble.

"I've got my sleigh," said Ethan to me, in a rather confidential manner. "It's Ben Ball's cutter. He didn't want to use it himself. Jake's going with a two-horse establishment. But mind you—I had to pay for it!"

When the twilight advanced—what little there was of it at that time of the year—I saw Ethan Nash driving up pell-mell with Tom Nickinson's fiery little mare, the cutter digging her heels like a sledge after a reindeer. Ethan had as much as he could do to manage her.

Subsequent to that slight glimpse of Ethan, buzzing by my window as he did, I caught no other until I stood in the little ball-room, having ushered in (as I thought) a very handsome young lady in a fancy dress with "fixings" to correspond, and taken a modest, if not decidedly timid survey of the floor.

There was Ethan in full feather. He was dressed "with all his might," and couldn't have spared a single item of his inventory without damaging his effectiveness decidedly. I fact, he meant to be killing.

Near where he stood sat Lucy Doanè, simpering and whimpering behind her half-spread fan, her round face as red as a wasting winter-apple, her eyes upturned to him in an exceedingly languishing style, and lots of young girls surveying them with feelings so mixed that I shall be excused from describing them.

By the bye in came Tilly Fogg with Edward Marks.

How Ethan did stare straight at her, and how she did stare straight back at him; I sat where I could see it all; and there were others that saw it as well. For a few minutes the friends and acquaintances of each party were instantly engaged in regarding their conduct.

Ethan instantly threw his eyes up at the opposite wall, just as if there were no such person as Tilly Fogg in the room. On her part, to exhibit a proper degree of resentment, she pursed her pretty mouth, gave her head a contemptuous toss, and acted as independently as if she was to lead off in the dance herself that night, and knew it.

Well, and what was a little strange, too, she did lead off, standing with her partner, who was a young student of law in the office of Squire Docket, at the head of the figure.

How elegant she looked in her tasteful dress and with her beautiful color!

What an air of queenly pride she portrayed as she smoothed down the glossy hair on her temples and looked over the rustic crowd as if she knew well enough that she was the belle of the evening.

Ethan stood a good way down the floor, and it was noticeable what an everlasting chat his fair partner—Lucy Doane—kept up for him behind her well-spread fan. Only once or twice Ethan's eyes wandered up to where the little figure of Tilly Fogg was standing, but Lucy Doane watched every movement and brought him back to his senses again.

As for Tilly, she was perfectly wretched, though she did laugh and chatter so much with her partner, the young law student. There was excess in her actions, and that was enough to betray her.

Anyone with even half an eye could see that at once. But no doubt it assisted to heighten her beauty; for but for this unhappy pressure on her pride and her self-will, there would have been no such suffusion about her cheeks, nor no such imperious expression about her beautiful eyes.

"I don't see but what we are really making out a nice time of it," said Ethan to Lucy.

"This is fine—very fine!" said Edward Marks to Tilly at about the same moment.

It was something of a coincidence, and deserving of a chronicler, as here it finds one.

When we went down to supper the confusion was excessive.

They all rushed into the supper-room in a state bordering on despair, acting as if there was but one chance in a thousand of their ever getting another mouthful to eat in the world.

The tables groaned, and so did those who sat down to them before they got up. There was a smart business done for some time in the way of eating, and hungry folks might have looked with a hearty relish and envied them.

The party broke up toward early morning, dancers, fiddlers, and all. By the dull light of the stars that winked and twinkled so steadily far off in the sky, they sallied forth from before the door in their sleighs for home again.

Ethan and Lucy Doane felt considerably sleepy on their way back, and, as a consequence, very little was said by either during their brisk ride. As for Tilly and the young student, she was entirely unhappy, and he was—shall I confess it?—a very little "mashed!"

It was easy enough for everybody to see now that Ethan Nash and Tilly loved one another, and this show of indifference on their part was the greatest piece of mere acting—heartless and hollow—imaginable.

The rest of us who knew all this and more, too, from the beginning, determined to put an end to it. They had been living on "stuff" a great while longer than they ought to have done.

So the next day there was a concerted arrangement made among ourselves to bring them all together.

It was over at Susan Wilde's house, and the hour was just before tea.

First came in Ethan. He was going round to dissipate the day through, and we knew at about what time he would be there. Then followed Lucy Doane. She was all smiles and syllables, for she felt confident as she ever wanted to be that she had at last won the heart of Ethan Nash.

In her presence, however, he was rather quiet than otherwise. The moment she came in he stopped talking. She saw it, and half stopped, too.

By-and-by, who should run up to the door, all muffled up to her pretty eyes, but Tilly Fogg! She had been sent for, for that was at the bottom of the arrangement. It could never have succ[illegible]led without her.

[illegible] came clear into the room before [illegible] knew who was there, and the mo[illegible] th[illegible] sta[illegible] intelligence revealed [illegible] through her eyes she made a [illegible]ment a[illegible] to have retreated with [illegible]pitation, [illegible] not Susan stood close [illegible] back, and crowded her along so [illegible] shut the door. There they were, [illegible], all together; not one of the three [illegible] had previously thought [illegible] a thing.

"Now," said I to all hands, "what's the trouble?"

"Yes," said Susie Wilde, who was a real good little girl, "what is the matter, sure enough?"

"Why?" said Tilly, reining herself in proudly, and looking everywhere but at Ethan.

"Who said anything was the matter?" blurted out Ethan, who couldn't have held his tongue to save his life.

"See here," said I. "You, Tilly, are very unhappy. You needn't tell me you are not, for I know well enough you are; I could see it last night."

She tried to be indignant, but made only a poor feint of it.

"Now, Lucy," I continued, "what made you go so readily to the dance with Ethan, if he never invited you?"

Lucy was instantly as mad as a March hare.

"He did invite me, I'd have you to know!" she exclaimed, fixing her spectacles anew upon her nose.

"He didn't!" broke in one of the girls who was in the secret. "We did it. We got up that invitation ourselves!"

"And I——" she hesitated in her confusion.

"Then you didn't——" chimed in the relieved Tilly, for the first time speaking to Ethan.

"No, never!" he answered with ready emphasis.

"Then I forgive you!" said Tilly, much lightened in her mind. And she cordially extended her hand.

Ethan not only took it, but he knew his duty well enough to throw his arms about her and kiss her besides.

Lucy Doane flounced out of her chair, and started for the door.

"I don't care," said she; "I've been engaged this ever so long to the minister's son over in Fifield, and now I'll marry him!"

"I would," amiably answered Ethan, not letting Tilly quite go out of his arms.

And the party was made smaller by the sudden withdrawal of the brisk little "school-marm."

The rest of us sat down to a supper—a real hearty country supper—and a grand good time we made of it, too. There was no more trouble for Tilly and Ethan; their differences were all healed.

Handkerchiefs.

There never was a time when handkerchiefs were as beautiful, varied, and cheap as now.

Lace handkerchiefs are quite out of style, and while it would be possible to put $100 or $200 worth of work into the embroidering of a handkerchief, it would, of necessity, be a curiosity, but it would not be beautiful. The design would be entirely obscured.

Handkerchiefs have been exhibited for which sums ranging all the way from $100 to $500 were asked, but it was quite apparent that the value attached to them was fictitious.

The design of a sample handkerchief is original with the individual who made it. You see the exquisite outlining and shading of the leaves, and the infinitesimal dots that form the background. It is quite impossible for an adult to see them clearly. The work is so wonderfully fine that to discern the stitches it would be necessary to use a microscope. All the fine lace work in the border is done in the genuine Brussels lace stitch. It took no less than three months of steady work, followed steadily day after day, to finish this handkerchief.

Fine handkerchiefs are made in Switzerland, where all of the most expensive embroidery is done. It is performed by children between the ages of 9 and 16.

After the age of 16, and usually as early as 15 or before, the sight becomes too old to accomplish this fine work.

All the Swiss work goes in the market as French. It is handled almost entirely by French dealers.

The genuine French work is most beautiful, but the designs are usually less elaborate than the Swiss. The finest French goods are made entirely of the best hand-loomed linen in which there is not a flaw. It is manufactured with the shuttle in the old-fashioned, laborious German method. Each thread is watched, and if the slightest imperfection occurs it is cast out.

The linen from which French handkerchiefs are made sells for $5 to $6 a yard. The fabric is so absolutely perfect that to load it with embroidery would be like "painting the rose." The delicate tracing of needlework along the hem and the narrow edging of Valenciennes are all that it requires.

All lace handkerchiefs are no longer carried. Many, however, are edged with narrow lace similar to the one just shown.—*Philadelphia News.*

Hygeia in the Dog-Days.

While ruminating over a pipe on the evening of one of the dog-days, the thermometer being above 80 degrees in the shade, I have wondered what the goddess Hygeia would have done, and what she would have recommended under the circumstances, for purposes of health and comfort. She wouldn't have eaten roast duck, I know; but how would she have combated the heat, by way of keeping herself cool? Would she have swallowed haggis and cockleekie in north Britain, ham and beef in Yorkshire, and tripe and onions in London? Not a bit of it. Hygeia had too much respect for herself as a goddess to indulge in such plebeian and delusive dainties in hot weather. I can just see her in a scornful attitude, on the top of a marble column such as Alma Tadema loves to paint—she waves her hand over the smoking viands our good cooks are sending up for our delectation. She preaches abstention in a way that makes one feel creepy, as her words seem to come down from the cold marble. She is commanding her followers to keep cool with milk and water, and grapes and strawberries, and to leave all the alcohol and wine and beer for other occasions. I beg Hygeia's pardon, and shall renounce heat producers on hot days in future, although they are very good, and like everything else unfortunately, what dyspeptics like best.

A young physician while diagnosing a case fired a number of questions at his patient which flew wide of the mark. He was finally successful, however. "You—er—sometimes have a—er—tired feeling come over you, which——" "Yes," interrupted the patient, "I feel it now. I'm tired, very tired." "Just as I thought," said the young physician. "I am seldom mistaken in my diagnosis of a case."—*New York Sun.*

NUMBER SEVEN.

Numerous Combinations in Which Seven Plays an Important Part.

The frequent recurrence of the number seven in the scriptures, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, seems to indicate that there are associated with it certain events, that it may be termed the prophetic, representative symbolic number consecrated in the holy scriptures and the religion of the Jews and other nations, by many mysterious events and circumstances.

The old testament informs us that God completed the work of creation in seven days, and set apart the seventh day to be a day of rest for all mankind.

The slayer of Abel was to be punished seven-fold and the slayer of Lamech seventy and seven fold.

Of every clean beast Noah took into the ark by sevens, and took with him seven souls when he entered the ark. After seven days the waters were upon the face of the earth. The intervals between sending out the dove the second and third times were seven days, and in the seventh month the ark rested on the mountain of Ararat.

In Pharaoh's two dreams he saw seven well-favored and fat kine and seven ill-favored and lean kine, and seven ears of corn on one stalk, rank and good, and seven ears blasted with the east wind, which was followed by seven years of great plenty and seven years of famine.

The children of Israel were commanded to eat unleavened bread seven days, and to observe the feas tof unleavened bread; seven days shall there be no leaven found in your houses.

The seventh month was signalized by the feast of trumpets, and the celebration of the feast of tabernacles.

Seven weeks was the interval between the passover and the pentecost.

The seventh year was observed as the sabbathical year, and the year succeeding seven times seven years as the year of jubilee.

Seven days were appointed as the length of the feasts of tabernacles and passover.

Seven days for the ceremonies of the consecration of the priests.

Seven victims were to be offered on any special occasion.

When Abraham and Abimelech wanted to confirm an oath they took seven ewe lambs of the flock.

Jacob served Laban seven years for each of his daughters.

Delilah bound Samson with seven green withes, and wove the seven locks of his hair in the web.

Seven priests, bearing seven trumpets, passed round the walls of Jericho seven days, on the seventh day passing round seven times, and it fell.

Nebuchadnezzar had the furnace heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated to burn the three Hebrew children, and was driven from among men to the beasts of the field until seven times passed over him.

Elisha commanded Naaman to wash in Jordan seven times and be cured of his leprosy.

The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men who can render a reason.

In the new testament the Savior commanded to forgive an erring brother, not until seven times, but seventy times seven if he repented.

In revelations of St. John we read of seven churches, seven spirits, seven stars, seven seals, seven lamps, seven golden candle-sticks, seven angels, seven vials, and seven last plagues.

A notion once prevailed in England with some people that the seventh consecutive son born had power to cure certain diseases.

Our great fight with the mother country for liberty and independence lasted seven years.

The president of the United States, Grover Cleveland, was seven times seven years of age when he married his bride. Frances Folsom, three times seven years of age, making a difference in their ages of four times seven years. The bride's age and the difference in their ages added makes seven times seven—the president's age. The bride's birth occurred seven years after the president attained to his majority. Their ages added make ten times seven, three-score and ten, the number of years allotted to the age of man. Multiply the number of their added ages by seven, it makes seventy times seven, the number of times the Savior commanded to forgive an erring brother if he repents.

The president's official title, president of the United States of America, contains five times seven letters. The bride's official relation, the white-house mistress, contains three times seven letters.

Henry Clay's Suavity.

Mr. Blair had been the partner of Amos Kendall in the publication of the Frankfort (Ky.) *Argus*, and they had both deserted Henry Clay when they enlisted in the movement which gave the electoral vote of Kentucky to Gen. Jackson, and joined in the cry of "bargain and corruption" raised against their former friend. It is related that the first interview between Clay and Blair after this desertion was a very awkward one for the latter, who felt that he had behaved shabbily. Clay had ridden over on horseback from Lexington to Frankfort, in the winter season, on legal business, and on alighting from his horse at the tavern door found himself confronting Blair, who was just leaving the house. "How do you do, Mr. Blair?" inquired the great commoner, in his silvery tones and blandest manner, at the same time tendering his hand. Blair mechanically took the extended hand, but was evidently nonplused, and at length said, with an evident effort: "Pretty well, I thank you, sir. How did you find the roads from Lexington here?" "The roads are very bad, Mr. Blair," graciously replied Clay, "very bad; and I wish, sir that you would mend your ways."—*Ben: Perley Poore.*

But, if there was diplomacy and presence of mind shown in this answer, how much more was there in the case of the young lady who sat in an alcove at an evening party with a bright, young military man, her little niece on her knee to play propriety. Suddenly the company is electrified by the exclamation of the child: "Kiss me, too, Aunt Alice!" But the sudden shock is succeeded by a feeling of relief as Aunt Alice calmly replies: "You should not say, 'Kiss me two,' dear; you should say, 'Kiss me twice.'"—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

Mousquetaire gloves are the rage—except near swimming-holes, where "undressed kid" hold away.—*Danville Breeze.*

A new game of cards is called "matrimony." If the man wins he takes the girl; if the girl wins she takes the man.—*Philadelphia Call.*

China and Japan buy our dried apples freely. Thus does American industry help to swell the population of the Orient.—*Boston Transcript.*

The information comes by cable that Oliver Wendell Holmes has sat down to table with Kings and Queens. This is interesting as far as it goes, but how many of them did he hold?—*New Haven News.*

"Really, madame, your daughter is perfectly charming. She must have had many offers of marriage." "You are right; but then, you know, I am much too young to let her marry.—*French Fun.*

Merritt—I see you have a new servant girl. Little Johnny (confidentially)—Yes, and I tell you she's a corker. Bridget (speaking up)—Indade Oi'm not, sorr. Oi cum from Limerick.—*The Judge.*

Mamie Van Astorbilt—"O, Mr. De Fly, see that Van Islip girl with Baron von Giesenback! Did you ever meet the Baron in New York?" Mr. De Fly (laconically)—"No—shave myself."—*Puck.*

"I am perfectly at home in the water," said an old toper as he plunged into the surf. "That is where you have the advantage over water," was the unfeeling remark of a bystander who knew him.—*Boston Post.*

A learned crank named Adams devotes seven columns in a recent medical journal to "The Dangers of Kissing." He might have said it in five words; "Kissing often leads to matrimony."—*Marathon Independent.*

"I am satisfied on every point but one," said a gentleman to an applicant for service. "I cannot get over your nose." "That is not to be wondered at, sir," replied the applicant, "for the bridge is broken."—*Chambers' Journal.*

A teacher, in catechising her class of boys at Sunday-school, asked, "Who was the strongest man?" A little chap of eight years answered, without a moment's hesitation: "Sullivan. Now ask me who is the best rower."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A small Louisville boy, after being naughty and suffering greatly at the maternal hand, or rather slipper, stopped sobbing long enough to look earnestly at his mother and say, with emphasis: "Mamma, I'm sorry you ever married my papa."

Mr. B. (a prominent politician)—Uncle Rastus, I want you to come up to my house and vindicate the kitchen ceiling. Uncle Rastus—W-wha' dat, sah—vindicate de ceilin'? Mr. B.—No, no, I don't mean vindicate. I mean whitewash the ceiling.—*New York Times.*

New cashier—I should like to have an agreement with you to the effect that I shall have a week's notice in case I don't suit. Bank president—That is easily fixed if you will agree to give us a week's notice before leaving. New cashier (thoughtfully)—Well, let it go.—*Omaha World.*

Bagley—What in thunder does Peterby always get into the last row of seats at the theater for? I have noticed him there scores of times. Bailey—Peterby is a very sensitive man, and is afraid he would interfere with people who sit behind him; he has such a high forehead, you know.—*Tid-Bits.*

Bobby came into the house sobbing and told his mother that Tommy White had kicked him. "Well, Tommy White is a very bad boy," said Bobby's mother, giving him a large piece of cake. "You didn't kick him back, did you?" "No," replied Bobby, between bites, "I kicked him first.—*New York Sun.*

"Ah, Bagley! home again? How's Mrs. B. and Aurelia?" "Still at Newport." "Enjoying themselves?" "Immensely. Mrs. B. goes bathing and Aurelia goes fishing." "Fishing? I didn't know that the fishing was good at Newport." "I didn't say she was fishing for fish." "O!"—*Philadelphia Call.*

Miss Llewellyn—"Have you read young Mr. De Lyle's charming story? It is just out, and is perfectly delightful." Mrs. Abernethy—"No; I haven't seen it. I didn't know that De Lyle possessed literary talent. Did he inherit it?" Miss Llewellyn—"O, yes. His father left him an immense fortune."—*Puck.*

A railroad president in North Carolina has been challenged to fight a duel by a member of the Legislature, but the railroad president absolutely refuses to fight. He feels that the relations between railroads and legislatures are so close that death in either case would be fratricidal bloodshed.—*Washington Critic.*

"I understand dat you haf vailed up in peesness, Mr. Levi." "Yes; I vas unvordunate in a brivate sbeculation. Dat vas not de vorst—I vas deceifed." "Vas?" "In my assignee. He vas a scoundrel. He vormed his vay into my convidence und made me bay 96 cents on de dollar. Did you effer hear of such an oudrage?"—*New York Mercury.*

A Boston lady was making some purchases in a drug store in Kansas City recently, when a countryman came swinging along, and in a loud voice addressed the dapper clerk with: "Say! mister, goteny caster-ile?" "Certainly, sir," he replied. "Do you wish it for lubricating purposes?" "Thunder, no! I wanter greeze my waggin!"—*Boston Herald.*

Mrs. Bullion—I'm afraid, Mary Ann, that you are inclined to be extravagant. Mary Ann—Me is it? Sure, you are misthaken. Mrs. Bullion—You burn too many candles. Mary Ann—Me burn candles, is it. Divil a wan. Mrs. Bullion—Everybody notices it; even your beau. I passed the kitchen when he was here last night and I'm sure I heard him say something about your taper waste.—*The Rambler.*

A laconic letter—"In the days of '49" a member of a party of miners strayed away from his companions and was destroyed by wild beasts. The friend upon whom it devolved to "break the news gently" to the bereaved parents showed himself equal to the occasion by writing the following letter:

Mister Smith Deer sur the Kiotes has ete yur sun's hed off Yurs John Jones.

—*Harper's Magazine for September.*

Mr. Hendricks had returned from a week's fishing excursion, and the minister had been invited to Sunday dinner to assist in discussing the "catch." "What kind of fish are these, pa?" inquired Bobby. "Trout, my boy, brook trout," said the old man proudly. "Ain't they as good as fours?" "Fours? I never heard of such a fish, Bobby." "Yes you have. You told Mr. Featherly that you had had bad luck, because you were the only one in the party who didn't catch fours."—*New York Sun.*

A lady writes to the *Journal*: "Our little 2-year-old boy is very fond of medicine. No matter what the kind, he takes it with evident relish and teases for it on all occasions. The other day he came running in and said he was sick and tired and his legs ached and he must have some. To pacify him his mother gave him a teaspoonful of cough sirup. After lapping out the spoon he looked roguishly up to her and said in an appealing tone, 'Got *two* legs, mamma; *mus'* have anozer spoonful for ze ozèr leg.'"—*Boston Journal.*

It was at El Paso, Tex., that a citizen buckled on two revolvers, seized an American flag in his hands, and was about to jump into the street and yell, "Down with Mexico!" when a stranger laid his hand on his arm and whispered: "Don't! I'll give you a dollar not to." "Ain't you a patriot?" howled the Texan. "O, yes." "And don't you want to see Mexico licked?" "Certainly." "Then what ails you?" "I want to get rid of $6,000 worth of Mexican Central stock first. Please don't add to the excitement."—*Wall Street News.*

Italian Fun and Fare.

"A queer set of fellows are our Italian pipe-layers," remarked a gentleman connected with one of the leading natural gas companies of the city on his return from one of their camps. "I laughed till my sides fairly ached at one of their favorite evening pastimes. They get hold of an old barrel and carry it to the top of some hill. Their present camp, about five miles from the city, is admirably adapted for the sport, being located on the top of a hill which has a gradual slope of about 400 feet before it reaches the level grade.

"After they get the barrel ready half a dozen of them take hold of one of the smaller men, and, despite his protests and struggles, dump him head first into the barrel. Sometimes they have a good deal of troule at this stage of the game, but they get there in the end.

"The barrel and its living contents are then thrown over, given a hearty push, and sent down the hill a-flying. The fellow sometimes lets his legs stick out at the open end of the barrel, and you can't imagine how funny they look flying around in the air as the barrel bounces up and down over the stones and rough spots.

"There are always several Italians at the foot of the hill to stop the barrel when it gets there. They help the fellow out, and sometimes they have to carry him up the hill. It makes some of them deathly sick, while others don't seem to mind it a bit. The barrel is again rolled up the hill, and this kind of fun is kept up until it gets dark. Queer ain't it?

"Do you know what those Italians eat? No? Well, I'll tell you what their favorite dish is. They get a big hunk of pork—not a particle of lean on it. Then they mix flour and water until it makes a kind of dough. This is rolled flat, about an inch thick, and in the centre they put the piece of fat pork. The dough is then wrapped closely around it; then they put it in a pan over a hot fire. This causes the pork to turn into grease, which permeates the dough.

"When it is completely saturated and the outer edge browned, then it is ready for the table. One sight of it would make a Caucasian sick, yet those fellows can never get enough of it. Sometimes instead of going to the trouble of making the dough they get a loaf of stale rye bread and scoop out the middle and place the fat pork in there. Then this is suspended over the fire until the fat burns to grease and soaks into the bread.

"I have been told that these low-class Italians will eat anything that ever walked on four legs. Maybe you remember the story that was published some time ago about a party of Italians, finding a drowned colt in the river and towing it to the shore and eating it. That was a true bill. They were caught in the act by a country constable who was going to sue them for it. The story may go down as hard as the colt would, but I repeat that it is strictly true."—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.*

Card-Playing Girls.

There are so many ways in which girls can be amusing, entertaining, and useful to themselves and others that it seems a great pity, says the Philadelphia *Ledger*, that any of them should resort to the common vices of coarse men. That they do so in the evening entertainments of private and elegant homes, and at the most fashionable summer-resorts, appears to be beyond question. And that the results will appear in unlooked-for demoralizations in the future of what is called good society may be set down as among the certainties of natural law. Young ladies may not be expressly susceptible to such prosy moral arguments, but they should not forget that the young men who gamble with them, and who appear to enjoy the fun, lose their respect for young ladies in the exact measure that the latter cease to be governed by the fine womanly feelings and standards of character. Men may laugh at the shrewdness of a girl in a game of cards for stakes, but she is not the girl they would trust or honor or that they care to marry. That is an argument to the quick, and may find its way home. The man who marries a gambling girl is already an incipient suitor in a divorce court.

Guibollard takes a promenade in the Salon, in company with a young painter who has a picture on exhibition, which has been commended by the committee. "Show me," said the former, "your picture that has secured honorable mention." "There it is," said the artist, "portrait of a woman." "Very, very fine as to execution," said Guibollord, "but how the devil did you come to choose such an ugly model?" "Indeed, sir, this is my mother," replied the artist, coloring quickly. "Your mother," exclaimed Guiboliard with confusion, "Pardon, monsieur, I am stupid. I ought to have perceived it at a glance. You are alike as two peas!"—*French Fun.*